A

JUVENILE TOUR

ON THE

BORDERS of PARNASSUS.

BY THE

AUTHOR

OF

"CHRISTIAN REFLECTIONS

On MORAL & SACRED SUBJECTS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE."

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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2 AU 65

OCCASIONED

By the 6th of May being the

NUPTIAL DAY of —

CHAMPIONS of Liberty, illuſtrious few!
Ye who embattled felt the din of war
Where tyranny erſt held its doleful reign,
Diſcordant fury and the trump of fame
No more I ſing averſe. A gentler theme
New ſtrings my lyre. Thee fav'rite of the ſkies,
Chaſte Hymen, fruitful ſource of every joy,
Invoking. Plum'd on untaught wing I ſoar
Advent'rous. Thee unfading charms await,
And bloom eternal on thy radiant cheek
Plays ſportive: thee a thouſand Paphian loves

Court in gay dance, or under midnight bow'r
Pour forth their incenſe, ſighs and heart's com-
plaints,
E're courtſhip meets fruition. Wedlock thee
Boaſts as the ſpring, whence bliſs unſully'd flows.
O hear the vows of plighted faith unchang'd,
That quit an huſband's lips in annual praiſe:

" Let others ſpurn thy bonds, or caught by
Cupid's toils
(He cries) " unbridled ſwim in ſcenes of guilt!
" Deluded few! unlike the ſons of bliſs!
" Me rites primæval, and the law of Heav'n
" Delight unceaſing, me they cannot cloy.
" When the bright morn, which ſeal'd my ardent
love,
" Led to thy ſhrine the ſharer of my heart,
" O Hymen, with what grace each feature
glow'd!
" Bleſt is the union of congenial minds
" Where love and reaſon reconcil'd unite!

" What fond emotion (mark the female heart
" Where guile myſterious held no magic wand)
" Beſpake my loving fair, my other ſelf,

" While

"While from her ruby lips the words pronounc'd
"Of truth and love, irrevocably flew.

"Led in thy train, the meek-ey'd virgin faith
"Beauteous as morn, in crimſon veſt appear'd:
"Love in the midſt, and chaſtity ſevere
"Trod in the footſteps of her aged ſire
"Sage prudence. Deep amid the gloom of Styx
"Sad jealouſy look'd up, and ſigh'd alone.

"Bright as the ſtar, belov'd of beauty's queen,
"Stern virtue ſhone, impenetrable ſhield:
"Ten thouſand cupids from their roſeat bow'rs,
"Crown'd in immortal bays, the growth of heav'n,
"Deſcending, paid their homage to our loves.

"All wiſhes fond with dignity combin'd
"In Anna's form I found; in her my bliſs
"Concenter'd: hope (yclep'd the fairy child
"Of phantacy) with active viſion fill'd
"My ardent mind, and proffer'd ſcenes of joy."

So

So ſung the ancient bard, well-vers'd in love,
In love's ſoft numbers tun'd his mellow pipe.
Ample in wealth, in friendſhip's ſacred bands
Careſs'd he liv'd, and like a Briton, free.
No wild ambition, curſe of fools, he knew;
In praiſe to God ſerenely flow'd his days.

Let baneful envy, curſed plague of man!
Hide his grim head afar, nor dare approach
This choſen two, nor ope' his daſtard jaw,
Whence aſps unnumber'd ſhoot their forky darts.

O may they long in one theſe bleſſings ſhare,
Grateful to him, whoſe grace no limit knows!
Juſt unto all, to all ſupremely good.
Be't theirs t' infuſe the ſoul of virtue taught
Their offspring, and religion's early fruit,
That rooted in the ſoil of virtuous minds,
Buoys up the Chriſtian mourner in his ills.

Let

Let eke the morn, that light the nuptial torch,
Behold their plighted faith, of every blot
Still ſpotleſs;—hallow'd to their Maker's praiſe.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE

ITS

OWN RECOMPENCE.

I.

WHO ſaw the man, whom virtuous thought poſſeſt
To ſeek with humble vows his puiſſant God,
Tho' dire miſchance diſtract his godlike breaſt,
Languiſh, o'ercome by drear misfortune's load?

II.

For ſweet the ſolace of a virtuous ſoul,
Which dares the holy road of faith purſue:
No evils dire its motions can controul;
Nor e'en a martyr ſhall his actions rue.

III.

III.

O'er him the Father ſpreads his mighty ſhield,
When to the God on high he makes his prayer;
Bids him to ſtern misfortune ſcorn to yield,
And brave the tempeſt of tumultuous care.

IV.

For ſoon, alas! the life of man is o'er,
And ſoon we tread the manſions of the dead!
Scarce paſt the ſhadowy æra of threeſcore,
But ſoon the periſhable victims fade.

V.

Happy then he, whoſe faith the God ſhall prove
Worthy the crown of Heaven.—He grieves no more;
But rais'd on glitt'ring wing to ſeats above,
He reſts immortal on a bliſsful ſhore.

EPISTLE

To J. D——, Eſq. at ETON COLLEGE.

ALL hail, my friend! the willing Muſe once more
Dares to ſalute thee from her natal ſhore.
Her lines from rural ſcenes unpoliſh'd ſent
Beſpeak the Author's undiſturb'd content;
While free from toil, and vers'd in favour'd eaſe,
Unaſk'd he ſings, "His wiſhes are to pleaſe."
Erewhile he dar'd on Grecian wings to ſoar,
Fearleſs he tun'd a pipe untried before.
For why? he ſung them to his neareſt friend,
Who ſeldom blames, more forward to commend.

Your

Your kind Epiſtle reach'd our Cambrian ſeat,
Where fancy dwells belov'd of calm retreat;
Nor city noiſe offends th' attractive ear,
But meek content ſhields off the blow of care.
Thoſe ſentiments, e'er grateful to my heart,
A conſtant joy thro' every line impart.
Thus friendſhip's tie from love unbiaſs'd flows;
Friendſhip no ſecond views or motive knows.
You ſay, my letter marks the ſacred morn
Of June the fourth, which boaſts a Sov'reign born;
That day thrice happy o'er the Briton flew,
O'er Scot, o'er Iriſhman, o'er me and you.
(When from deep embryo forth burſts its way
The royal infant, ſprung to future ſway,
When our bleſt Monarch left the peaceful womb,
No more in gloomy realms of night entomb'd)
The day, when firſt he view'd the genial ſun
Thro' Heaven's high ſeat his race of glory run.
Bleſt be the day that gave this ſea-girt land
A King to rule her with a temp'rate hand.
T' whom no ambition, no unworthy fame
Points out oppreſſion for an empty name.

Who plants the olive on a fruitful iſle,
Where grow her branches, and o'erſhade the ſoil.
Henceforth revenge ſhall ceaſe to ſtir up guilt,
Or thirſt for blood, in deeds unſeemly ſpilt.
The Houſe of Brunſwick claims an happier ſtar,
Unus'd to bloodſhed and the crimes of war.

Secure of fame the patriot hero lives,
Nor from the rabble throng his "Poſt" derives.

Shatter'd long ſince by war's convulſive throes,
Our people wept the diſunited roſe;
But now the red and white united join,
The Houſe of York, together with the line
Of peerleſs Lancaſter: and praiſe the pen
"Of him who late chaſtis'd the new-found rights
of men."
May we ſtill bleſt our treaſur'd bleſſings keep,
And hold our empire o'er the boundleſs deep.
E'en here, where Cambria fix'd her wide domain,
A ſudden joy re-echo'd o'er the plain;
Volumes of mounted flame, and ſhouts afar
Of troops, proclaim'd a ſcene of mimic war.

The

The tow'rs aloft of fair B——rung,
And loud huzzas a "people's father" ſung.
Say, antient Thame, what loyalty was ſeen
On thy rich borders and thy mantled green?
What muſic warbled ſoft on either ſhore?
Hark! 'twas the muſic of the youthful choir,
Whoſe veſſels prompt along the ſurface ride,
While num'rous boatmen cut the yielding tide:
To thee, bright manſion,* lo! they gladly ſteer
With nervous arm, and form their ſmall career.
Others more bold aſcend the foaming ſteed,
Cap'ring along the river-circled mead.
Some in the whiſkey go their uſual route,
And drive alert in pleaſure's fond purſuit.
Yet cruel chance e'en youthful ſport alloys,
And ills aſſail us, pleaſure's counterpoiſe:
St. Paul, a ſtudent, to the ſteed untrain'd,
Hurl'd from his palfrey not with conduct rein'd,
Falls o'er the bridge,—O ſport to woe revers'd!
And dives in Thames's watry realms immers'd;
Yet Thames inflicts no hurt or ſhatter'd limb,
But bade the ſtudent and the convert† ſwim.

E'en

* Surely Hall.

† Alluding to the diſciple Paul converted.

E'en ſo as jogging on with zealous haſte,
The ſage St. Paul to old Damaſcus paſt,
His horſe 'gan found'ring, and down drops
St. Paul:
E'en ſo his nameſake boaſts an equal fall;
The only diff'rence of the thing was this—
One's nag on terra-firma did amiſs;
The other, weary of a needleſs weight,
Threw off his rider, whom he duck'd in
ſtate.

Return, my Muſe, from wit's excurſion flee
To thought, and baniſh too much pleaſantry.
My friend too tender to convict with blame
Avow'd, with ſecret cenſure ſhall condemn.

Why need I celebrate this beauteous ſpot,
Where fate has plac'd us in our deſtin'd lot?
Sev'n miles from B——, and but eight from
H-y,
Expos'd to winter's blaſt, and ſolar ray;
The houſe itſelf ſelf-pois'd as if on air,
Defies each wind that ſhakes our atmoſphere;
Round it has nature laviſh'd all her care.

To

Such are our plains deſcrib'd—then hither come,
And make our ſeat your reſidence, your home.

To G—— I ſend the tribute of the Muſe,
Nor ſhall he ſpurn her lore, or gift refuſe;
Needleſs in him of favours to remind,
Who boaſts a grateful ſoul, an upright mind.

T——,
June 17, 1792.

THE

BEAUTIES OF T——;

A DESCRIPTION PIECE.

RETURN, my Muſe, from war's unpleaſant ſeat,
To ſing T——'s ever bleſt retreat.
Fain would I lead thee o'er each neighb'ring field,
Where dwells content, and gen'rous autumns yield
No ſparing produce to the lab'ring hind;
But plenty flouriſhes with mirth combin'd.
May'ſt thou inſpire me with an holy ray,
While themes unbounded claim our homebred lay.

O may my ſtrains in equal numbers flow,
Worthy the theme that aſks a poet's glow!
All hail, T———! on thy peaceful home
May bleſſings reſt, and plenty fill the dome!
To yonder northern groves I quick retire,
There reſt alone, and ſtrike the warbling lyre:
Here as I roam, and gently traverſe on,
I ſeem upon the banks of Helicon.
For at thy feet hoarſe-flowing rills reſound,
Which touch beneath, and kiſs thy hallow'd ground;
While fanning zephyrs and a perfum'd air
Recall the wand'ring mind, and baniſh care.

Near theſe a park, plann'd by no taſteleſs hand,
Crowns the far border of th' extenſive land;
Here beech abundant ſhew their tow'ring head,
While herds beneath are on the ſurface fed.

Why need I ſing the place where ſouthern gales
Exult, and evening Sol obſcur'd regales?
COAD-CRIGGIN be thy name, illuſtrious wood!
Where the wild pigeon builds her ſafe abode;

Tho now unſam'd, in days of antient date
Thy pleaſant ſeats enjoy'd a nobler fate.
For here embattled armies bravely ſtood
The ſhock of arms, encircled by the wood:
E'en now entrenchment on entrenchment ſeen
Adorns the glade, and decks the woodland green.
Here walks invite the ſtep of him, who flees
From tedious grief, to court the ſoft'ning breeze.
Above, a riſing lawn expands its breaſt,
Which views bright Sol illume the purpled weſt.
Lo! in the midſt a ſpacious dome appears,
Not quite anew, nor yet the worſe for years;
Rais'd on a bank, ſelf-pois'd as if on air,
It braves each wind that ſhakes our atmoſphere:
E'en when the howling north calls forth its pow'rs
Dark'ning Jove's palace with impending ſhow'rs,
Secure it ſtands, nor e'en a wreck gives place,
As the rude ſtorm aſſaults its rocky baſe.

Caſt at the foot of northern bank is ſeen
A brook, meand'ring o'er a mantled green;
Its courſe with ſilent pace deſcribes a road
Thro' verdant meads, and laves them with a flood;

On

On which the angler plies the frequent oar,
Watching propitious Jove's autumnal ſhow'r.

Say, gentle ſurge, ye gliding murmurs ſay,
How oft at e'en, how oft in ſummer's day,
Thy brook I've haunted, and in love of you
Bid the ſad world and all its cares adieu:
Ye beſt can tell, what time I ply'd the bait,
To 'lure thy harmleſs victims to their fate:
How oft rejoic'd to ſee the eel of yore
Dart near the ſurface from yon ſandy ſhore:
How oft I've ſeen the trout and ſinny dace
Skim the ſoft flood, and join elaſtic race.
Th' attentive angler on thy banks ſhall roam,
And 'lure with ſkill thy offspring to their doom.
Here ſhall the poet meet ambroſial reſt,
While paſſion wild forſakes his tranquil breaſt.

Far to the ſouth a chain of mountains riſe,
That tow'ring ſeem to threat the neighb'ring ſkies,
(Let art be ſilent, and her ſchemes ſtand ſtill,
'Twas nature plann'd the ſummit of the hill;
The cliff and hardy rock at her command
Roſe in the air, and deck'd the valley land)

Whether old winter blends our mortal ſphere
With hov'ring clouds, or ſummer crowns the year,
Elyſian proſpects from theſe tops appear.
Hill beſide hill on either ſide are ſeen,
While ſheep unnumber'd brouze the healthy green.

As Snowden high, the ſtork's retir'd abode,
And haunt of grouſe, I view thee, M——troad.
Part of thy ſummit views the ſouthern main,
O'ertops the mountains and commands the plain.
(Here runs the tide, yclep'd of yore, I——ſe;
Here tardy waters bend their ſluggiſh courſe.
Fame told us oft, beneath this watry bed,
A town ingulph'd lies deep in ruin laid:
Tho hand of Heav'n (truth briefly to diſcloſe)
With vengeance dire, and earth's convulſive throes,
Sunk deep the town where now a river flows.
Here burning lava whelm'd the region round,
Near V—— by the virtuoſi found:
Hence ſome aver, her hills replete with fire
Roſe at the word of Heaven's offended Sire,

While

While huge volcanos, harrow'd deep within,
Deſtroy'd a guilty race inur'd to ſin.

With awe the pilgrim trav'ller ſhall deſcry
This lake prolific, and this rival ſea;
Struck with an awe of Heaven's unconquer'd pow'r,
Oft ſhall he meditate in ſilent hour,
From ſin's deſtruction in this ſtory trac'd,
God's firm decree, and time's conſuming waſte.)

Mount D——s, fit with nature's ſelf to vie,
Grown from thy ſide, next ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Fame ſays, this hillock owes its riſe to art,
Where parent nature held no magic part.
Old heaps of craggy ſtone, a fallen tow'r,
Hence with a ſcene of brow majeſtic low'r:
E'en now ſtrong barriers of defence appear,
And heaps on heaps upliſt proclaim the ſeat of war.
Here Britiſh men in arms ſecur'd a ſeat,
Whither their troops oft fled in wild retreat;

Hence

Hence did their ranks enſanguin'd colours wield,
Defying Roman armies to the field.
Or when perhaps ſome braver prompt deſire
To ſcale the mount the *patriot heroes fire,
When the world's conquerors in grim array
Appear'd beneath, and ſcatter'd wild diſmay;
Then to the miſſile dart the Briton flew,
And with a potent hand whole legions ſlew:
Or oft he hurried wrecks acroſs the plain,
And hurl'd whole hoſts to Pluto's gloomy reign.
Why need I mention, ſcenes untainted here
The pleaſurable garb of nature wear.
Not far from hence the T———s dwell,
A city once, but now an empty ſhell;
For dire miſchance and fate's unerring blow
Firſt raz'd her walls, and caus'd her overthrow.

What time Britannia launch'd in fields of gore,
Wept her brave ſons entomb'd upon the ſhore,
And Mars ſent forth the din of civil war,
Then Cromwell's planet gall'd the royal ſtar
With baleful influence, ambuſh'd treachery;
For treaſon triumph'd over royalty.

He

* Roman.

He who apoſtate ſpurn'd his country's laws,
Raz'd thee; ſince active in the royal cauſe,
Nor ſiege diſmay'd thee, nor a band of foes.
His rage went forth with rankling envy ſtor'd,
O'er thee, and o'er thy walls he drew the
flaming ſword.

Thro' thee a river rolls its winding ſtream—
L——y, the angler's joy, and poet's theme.
Part of a caſtle ſtill o'erhangs this brook,
Where dwells alone the crow and ſuckling rook.

Who'll pull aſide oblivion's maſk, that veils
Thy proſpects, T——, and thy cloud-capt hills?
Hence views enchanting meet th' admiring eye,
Fields, rivers, fountains, at your footſteps lie;
Near theſe cærulean Vaga* flows along—
Vaga ſhall decorate my ſetting ſong.
Her land-girt ſtreams o'er boundleſs regions glide,
While well-built barges on her ſurface ride:
Commerce o'er thee, O Vaga, holds her wand,
Whence iſſues wealth, and luxury pollutes
the land;
Secure from pilot's graſp, and capture's ruth-
leſs hand,

I

* Wye.

I view her banners ſtreaming with the wind,
Her veſſels here a peaceful anchor find.
May ſhe uninjur'd ſpread commercial gain,
Till ruſhing waters ceaſe to join the main!
Here Peace, O nymph, in meekeſt garb array'd,
That fly'ſt from Europe's Continent diſmay'd,
Still by thy auſpices may commerce ſhine,
More priz'd by Britons than the ſilver mine!
Fair ſtaff of ſcience, arts primæval nurſe!
Then ſhall no evils dire, no heavy curſe
Of famine brooding with tartarean wing
From ſavage war and lawleſs bloodſhed ſpring.
Quick bend thy doubtful ſteps, and hither fly,
Leading along thy ſiſter Liberty.

O Peace, O union of a pow'rful ſtate,
Here plant the olive, here thy azure ſeat!
Shine ſtill the ſame thro' each revolving year,
Sheath well the ſword, and blunt the forky ſpear!

BRITANNIA'S PRAISE.

WHILE kings in panic ſeize the glitt'ring ſword,
And fighting pant "for monarchy reſtor'd;"
While Gallia's fates are hung in doubtful ſcale,
And ſons of diſcord o'er the earth prevail;
Secure Brittania ſees the tempeſt riſe,
And braves it fearleſs from her Northern ſkies.
Bleſt arbitreſs of empires' wide command,
She gives her law to rule each foreign land!
Protects what ſtate ſhe will while tempeſts lour,
And checks the progreſs of ambitious pow'r.
Here, while each art beſtows its kindred aid,
I court the ſmiles of the Aonian maid,
Near lonely grove or gently-flowing ſtream,
While fancy paints the Heliconian theme.

Methinks contention flies this peaceful realm,
Where prudence ſteers, e'er watchful at the helm.
Few baſe enough to join a worthleſs cauſe,
Dare to pervert the juſtice of our laws:
E'en now, when Mars a ſubject world can boaſt,
No wild contention rends our favour'd coaſt.
No luſt "of pow'r enlarg'd" the Briton fires,
But freedom's gift his faithful breaſt inſpires;
Born to be free, no tyrant hoſt he fears,
Nor ſhuns the mark of honourable ſcars.
For lo! whene'er his puiſſant troop goes forth
To ſtem the progreſs of the hardy North;
Or rous'd to arms, he leads his warlike hoſt,
To yoke the tyrant of an Eaſtern coaſt:
Or rides his fleet along the azure main,
Bearing grim war to Gaul, or haughty Spain:—
Bright conqueſt hovers in her golden car,
Soaring aloft, and crowns his rightful war.

Bleſt Arbiter of paſt and things to come,
Thou to each realm haſt fix'd their fated doom;
For thou alone canſt whelm a pow'rful State,
Avert from Britain an untimely fate!
Grant us, if merit claims, thy bleſſings ſtill,
While yet imperfect mortals ſerve thy will.

We

We fear no foe, but thee, thou God Supreme,
Nor dare approach thee, but with blameleſs
theme.

Accept, O Father, theſe my infant lays,
That court thy favour while they ſing thy praiſe;
Grant, that no wiſh but to adore be mine,
While to thy hallow'd laws my ſteps incline,
Let fear of thee each lawful deed poſſeſs:
Thus may we ſerve, and thou thy people bleſs.
O may that maid, auſtereſt piety,
Into the chamber of my boſom flee!
Each ſtar that rolls o'er Heav'n, each goodly ſign
Proclaim creation by a hand divine.
Let others ſerve from love, or inward fear,
Thy vot'ry ſeeks thee with a heart ſincere.

EPIGRAMMA.

Flavia me tempat, peto lactea colla Corinnæ,
Atq' premunt calidos basia multa sinus;
Altera sit luci similis, tamen altera nocti;
Hoc vultu lepores, hoc fera ruga riget.

WARFARE.

Bella, horrida bella
Et Rhenum pleno natantem sanguine cerno.
VIRG.

HARK! the shrill clarion beats to war,
And distant shouts assault the ear;
While Mars in crimson chariot led,
Exults in victims of the dead.
See there, the deluges of blood
Tinge antient Rhine's majestic flood,
While

While bluſhing at the ſhameleſs ſight,
He ſpeeds along to ſhun the fight.
Troops to the battle's edge repair,
To breathe their ſpirits out in air!
Whereas the tyrant Death ſtrides with a dauntleſs pace,
Regardleſs of our pray'r he comes, nor ſhuns our mortal race.

II.

I ken the fiend: he wields the dart,
And ſtrikes his victims to the heart!
Therefore in peace ye champions wait,
Nor bare your breaſts to blow of fate;
But rather fly th' enſanguin'd field,
Nor Mars his bloody harveſts yield.
But thee FRANCE chiefly I bewail,
And at thy party-ſpirit rail;
For thus inteſtine troubles riſe,
And Liberty before you flies:
That graſping at the fleeting ſhade,
You never touch the holy maid.

Tho'

Tho' no Baſtile threats gloomy fate,
Whoſe dungeons horrible await
The long-loſt culprit in tartarean cells,
Yet unredreſs'd abuſe a falling ſtate foretells.

III.

Think ye, ſhall Phrenzy thus ſucceed,
And victims on her altars bleed?
Or ſhall the God that reigns on high,
Forever ſpurn his ſervants' cry?
See where yon fabrick built on high,
Rivals the vault of yonder ſky;
What purpled Tyrants ſit within,
Rais'd on the tott'ring couch of ſin!
See there the baſe ignoble ſcene,
Where traitor Senators convene,
To tread their noble Monarch down,
And trample on th' inſulted throne.
Not one ſtern tyrant makes you bleed,
But fifty on your vitals feed;
But now the ling'ring æra's come,
That ſeals your own and Monarch's doom.

No

No more delay'd by wiſdom's hand,
The ſtorm ſpreads vengeful o'er thy land.
Alas! what ſadd'ning ſcenes my ſenſes view,
What crimes thy hapleſs ſons (a guilty race) ſhall rue.

IV.

E'en now fair Auſtria's valiant hoſt
Covers the border of thy coaſt;
E'en Pruſſia's Monarch cries "to war!"
And whets the ſword, and lifts the ſpear!
Thy exiles join the haughty pow'rs,
And ſcale in thought thy lofty tow'rs.
O that ſome pow'r of human race
Appeaſe the wrath of Heav'n, and ſave this godlike place!
What widow's cry ſhall rend the air,
And curſe with comfortleſs deſpair!
O that ſome pow'r his buckler ſpread,
And place it o'er thy Sov'reign's head!

Then

Then ſhall the ſons of Freedom riſe,
Their glory reaching to the ſkies.
Then vict'ry with her trophies crown'd
Shall deck with gifts thy hallow'd ground.
France ſhall again regenerated live,
And, like a plant refreſh'd, again with fame
revive.

July 7, 1792.

ON

ON

THE GLORIOUS PEACE

CONCLUDED IN

INDIA.

Jam fides et pax et honor pudorq'
Priſcus et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet———

Hor.

HAIL to the Chief, whoſe glorious arms reſtore
The ſeeds of concord to Hydaſpes' ſhore!
He, who, erewhile unmov'd in war's alarms,
'Gainſt tyrant legions bore his conqu'ring arms,

A nation's idol and a country's boaſt,
Bears back the olive to the Eaſtern coaſt:
The foes of Britain by his hand ſubdu'd,
Her cauſe aveng'd, made firm by patriot blood.

Thine be the ſolace, to have ſheath'd the ſteel,
O Warrior! bravely for thy country's weal
Thy arms have toil'd; e'en fear-ſtruck traitors view'd
Their ſtandards ſtol'n, upborne thro' ſtreams of blood.

But why ſhould long delays protract thy ſtay?
E'en now the bard invokes a proſp'rous ſea;
While hov'ring Angels watch thy veſſel's helm,
To guard thee ſafely to Brittania's realm.

*Ambition's barrier by thy councils plac'd;
Recall'd, a nation's fond embraces taſte.

While

* Of Tippoo Saib.

While Phœbus warms us with his genial ray,
Poſterity ſhall praiſe the bliſsful day,
When to the knee thou drov'ſt thy num'rous foes,
And peace and honour from our conqueſt roſe.

July 9, 1792.

ON

THE ADVANTAGES AND BEAUTY

OF

POETRY.

HAPPY the man, whoſe breaſt the Muſe inſpires
With love of lore, and Phœbus' kindred fires!
By him the conſecrated hero lives,
And honor from his godlike verſe derives:
Hence paths of glory meet the wond'ring eye;
While bards of Helicon forbid to die
The man, whoſe acts with heroes of tradition vie.

Hence fame of patriots fills each noble age,
And deeds of valour grace the poet's page.

When

When envy's ſtill'd by death, and jealous hate
Yields conquer'd by the hand of tyrant fate,
The lifeleſs victim wearied we admire;
And rival bards attune the mournful lyre
To him, who, now *unconſcious of our praiſe,
Turns a deaf ear to flatt'ry's ſoothing lays.

Thus ſev'n proud cities claim'd the native ſeat
Of Homer dead: alas! a meaner fate
Drove him alive, regardleſs of his lore,
An hapleſs wand'rer on his natal ſhore.
But Homer's Genius taught the tuneful Nine
To ſing the ſons of Greece, and Priam's race divine.
How ſweet his melody and weeping verſe,
When tales of woe his plaintive ſtrains rehearſe!
Sweet flows the tale, where boding fears poſſeſt
The graceful Hector's mind and godlike breaſt,
When ſtung with doubt, he leaves the Scæan gate,
And boldly ruſhes to a conſcious fate!
How much, celeſtial bard, thy pow'rs can prove
The calls of war, preferr'd to thoſe of love!

When

* The Dead.

When melting-half, he bids his love retire,
Imbibes the hero's glow, and feels his ſoul on fire.

Near yon reſounding ſhore Achilles ſtands,
Scoffs the proud Greeks, and ſcorns to head
their bands;
'Till, torn by rage, he hears Patroclus' fate,
And grim revenge ſucceeds to reſtleſs hate.
Then ſtern Achilles courts th' enſanguin'd field,
While his ſtrong arms uphold the godlike
ſhield.

In Roma's riſe the Muſe with honour ſhone,
And bards the friendſhip of their Monarchs won.
The ſounding harp, the greeting verſe beguil'd
The cares of Kings or Victors of the field.
In fine, the patron of the Muſe appear'd
Where iv'ry palaces their manſions rear'd:
The courtly dome th' harmonious poet trod,
And honour mark'd his paths, and fame his road.

The ſparks of genius from thy works ariſe,
Ovid! thou healer of the lover's ſighs.
Thy melting ſtrains each various art declare,
To cure love's wound, or gain the yielding fair.

Sacred

Sacred to ſcience, flow'd the gentle ſtrain,
That grac'd the Shepherd of the Mantuan plain.
What ſage inſtruction! what a claſſic vein!

How many a Britiſh lyre in genius' cell
Warbling, has form'd the ode or epic tale:
Honour and poetry cemented join;
Art lives rever'd by Brunſwick's patron line.
Hail, Muſe! whoſe fav'rites are with myrtle crown'd,
Who plant'ſt thy wreaths in Britain's claſſic ground.

ON

ON

ETON SCHOOL.

HAIL to the ſacred dome, where num'rous ſons
Of learned Pallas ſtrike the warbling lyre!
A ſudden awe, within my breaſt aris'n,
Nearly forbids me ſing, ſo much my mind
Recalls the blithſome ſcene, where trod my ſteps
In thirſt of learning, and the tuneful nine.
Hail, Eton! to thy ſhrine and hallow'd place
Where Henry lives to fame, his ſhade rever'd
By grateful ſtudents!

——Let the ſervile band
Of tyrants hunt for fame, and raiſe on high
The cloud-capt pyramid, of mortal hand
The impious fabrick: your's a nobler work,

O Henry, made thee by the Muſe belov'd.
She calls her father thee, auſpicious prince!
The boaſt of thrones, the parent of the Muſe.
For why? thy princely gift bequeath'd a ſeat,
Where Nymphs of Helicon ſecure ſhall reſt,
In their own cell forming melodious verſe.

What ruddy youth, to this majeſtic dome
Bending their ſteps, has left the ſpacious fields
Of Caledonia, fir'd with love of lore
Inſatiate! here Hibernian youth has dar'd
To burſt the barriers of its native realm,
And break the chains of ignorance! O dome
With wiſdom fraught, whoſe peaceful walls embrace
Whate'er is dear to learning and the Muſe;
To merit give its due, let merit triumph,
Whoſe honeſt breaſt, with emulation fir'd,
Labours thro' many a maze to reach the hop'd-for prize.

Nor here the offspring brave of Cambrian race
Has ſpurn'd to dwell,—offspring of ancient bards

Whoſe lyric ſtrains chaſtis'd a tyrant foe,
And curs'd the Victor* in the field of fame;
Nor yet the learning of their Cambrian ſires
Impair'd deſcends, a ſtranger to their hearts.
Their Muſe full oft hath ſhewn no humble ſkill
But ſoar'd aloft, and blown the trump of fame.

Ah! little think the gay illuſtrious youth,
Who round theſe walls have toil'd, in urgent race
Bracing their ſinewy limbs, what future cares
Shall burſt upon their heads in angry form
To break their midnight ſlumber! thoughtleſs they
Of ills to come, no myſt'ries ſeek to know,
Whoſe viſage pregnant with unſeen events,
May ſour the fleeting pleaſures of—to-day.
Perhaps the ſtripling youth, who courts the play
Of innocence (tho' merit be his due)
May fall by envy, or accurſt caprice!

Alas! we know not what Tartarean ills
The angry God has number'd to our doom
Beyond the preſent hour! ſuffice it then
To baniſh care, and ſtring our nerves with hope.

* King Edward.

Who knows the volume of eternal fate?
Or who can tell, but yonder ſprightly youth,
Who ſports unthinking o'er the mantled green,
Sprang from the womb to ſave a falling ſtate,
Or guide the ſteerage of Britannia's helm?

Hail! ſchool of honour, friendſhip and renown,
Cheriſh'd within your walls; for youths are taught
The holy name of friendſhip to revere.
Sweet ſoother of the mind, how oft I've felt
Thy influence, O friendſhip! heav'nly ſource
Of balm thou art unto th' etherial ſoul.
Sweet is the converſe of concordant friends,
Whoſe hearts, as one, one ſacred love inſpires.

But thee, O ſchool, each ſiſter art around
Spreads her celeſtial ray: here poetry
Benign ſhines forth, with branch of laurel crown'd:
And here fair painting's Muſe, an heav'n-born gueſt,
Wings her ſoft flight to fair Etonia's plain,

Bearing

Bearing the palm to grace ſome artiſt youth
With honour yet unknown. Palladian dome,
All hail once more! all hail, ye Britiſh youth!
With holy dread your manſion I revere!

TO

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

I.

SWEET maid! enamour'd at thy beauty's ſhrine,
The Muſe in friendſhip pants to ſing thy praiſe;
Not all thy charms, that blaze with glow divine,
But 'tis thy ſoul enlighten'd claims her lays.

II.

For tho' the flowing ringlets of thy hair
Play as the ſun-beams of the god of day;
Form'd by the dictates of parental care,
Thy tutor'd ſoul exceeds fair beauty's ray.

III.

III.

Thy ſorm was giv'n to 'ſturb ſome mortal's reſt,
And 'ſnare his heart with ſenſe to beauty join'd;
With ſweeteſt manners as with beauty grac'd,
The lovely perſon, the embelliſh'd mind.

IV.

Whether thy ſteps reſort to Cambrian vale,
Where ſolitude exerts her peaceful ſway,
Thy preſence adds new beauties to the dale,
And ſolitude is brighten'd by thy day:

V.

Or whether to fair Libya's diſtant ſhore
Thy ſteps repair, where tygers waſte the plain,
Tygers inſpir'd for thee ſhall ceaſe to roar,
And mollify'd ſhall own thy pow'rful reign.

VI.

The gentle look, the kind ambroſial ſmile,
The roſy bluſh, the ever-youthful glance,

The

The mellowy tongue, that knows not to revile;
Theſe charms the jewel of thy form enhance.

VII.

Grace in her poliſh'd lovelineſs is thine,
And dignity, above the gift of art:
Chill not the hopes of an enamour'd ſwain,
Nor wound with killing froſt a faithful heart.

THE

THE CRUSADE OF KINGS; OR LIBERTY ENDANGERED.

I.

'TIS done—Europa, doom'd to ruthleſs war,
Receives the furies of the ſhades below,
Wild rage and anarchy and trembling fear:
Pity, ye Gods, avert the ſtorm of woe.

II.

The *Monarch ſlain, who view'd with anxious care
The †Siſter Empreſs of a neighb'ring realm;

* Leopold.

† Queen of France.

Brave Francis lifts the tutelary ſpear,
While from his forehead nods the dreadful helm.

III.

E'en Pruſſia's Monarch girts his puiſſant thigh
With burniſh'd ſteel, and threats the pow'r of
France;
Captain of hoſts, he bids the arrow fly,
Couches the dart, and points the quiv'ring lance.

IV.

"To Paris onward march, my hoſt," he cried,
"And let rebellion feel your vig'rous arm;"
To ſtem rebellion's pow'r the armies hied,
For conſcious brav'ry did their boſoms warm.

V.

Meantime the Frenchman trains his youthful
bands,
And bids his army ſeek the neighb'ring plain;
The armies ruſh, for liberty commands,
While words addreſt inſpire the patriot train:

VI.

" Ye bands, whoſe ſteps to Gaul's far limits haſte,
" In you your country oft her champions found,
" When in your bravery her hope ſhe plac'd;
" Haſte, warriors, and protect her hallow'd ground.

VII.

" Your wives, your offspring, theſe are pow'rful ties,
" All theſe protection of your valour crave;
" Forbid the galling pow'r of ſlav'ry riſe,
" Nor rouze her aſhes from the ſilent grave.

VIII.

" For there ſhe lies, entomb'd in gloomy duſt,
" Where yon Black Tow'r‡ her hideous ruin ſhews:
" The ſcene is chang'd; there ſhines the ſacred buſt
" Of liberty, and awes beholding foes.

IX.

‡ Baſtile.

IX.

" Four glorious ſuns have ſeen our children free,
" For friends and children are our deareſt tie;
" Grant that the fifth ſee abject tyranny
" Beneath the banners of contention die."

X.

Such were the ſounds that rous'd the ſons of Gaul,
When to the field their thicken'd legions hie;
Theſe ſons of freedom 'bey their country's call,
By oath reſolv'd " to conquer or to die."

XI.

Now wild contention ſharps her poiſon'd dart
Where armies meet, oppos'd in dreadful might;
Here Brunſwick thunders, and here Biron's heart
Burns for the field, and glories in the fight.

XII.

Sweet ſtem of nature, ancient liberty,
Where wilt thou reſt thy olive-circled head?
In Britain's boſom, or in Lybia's ſky,
By wiſdom nouriſh'd and by commerce fed;

XIII.

For where the trump re-echoes thro' the plain
Of Mars, thy hallow'd ſteps we ſeldom ſee;
For there the tyrant and the deſpot reign,
Numbers exult, and pow'r claims victory.

XIV.

But rather in the boſom of the ſtate
Where prudence holds her inoffenſive reign
Dwells thy ambroſial form; where fix'd the feat
Of joy, and plenty glads the neighb'ring plain.

XV.

XV.

For here has freedom built her ſacred ſhrine,
Where Neptune laves Britannia's ſea-laſh'd ſhore:
She flies the ſcene where troops their force combine,
And Gallia weeps her delug'd fields of gore.

ON THE LATE

EXCESSES

IN FRANCE.

YE ſouls, who, ruſhing where fair vict'ry led,
Repos'd your aſhes, mingled with the dead,—
Heroic ſouls, who follow'd glory's path,
And dar'd embrace the icy fangs of death;
If yet your country's pangs a ſigh create,
For which ye periſh'd, meliorate her fate.
What ſtrife politic, what contention ſtains
Her ſeat, fair empire's beautiful remains!

With ſtrength Herculean ſcarce her fetters broke,
Diſcord and ſhipwreck'd law ſucceed the ſhock;

And

And tyranny, the kingdom's ancient curſe,
Falls but to give exiſtence to a worſe.

Ye ſouls illuſtrious! ſee the pilgrim‖ crew
Affrighted, bid their houſhold gods adieu;
Each martyr to his principles, they fly
The perſecuting ſteel of anarchy.

Ye ſouls ſublime! if yet the miſt clad ſky
Receives your forms to death no ſecond prey,
If yet your forlorn country claims a tear,
O watch her tow'rs with overruling care.
Her peace diſturb'd, her honour lies forlorn,
By kings inſulted, and to earth a ſcorn;
Shall merit thus obtain the civic wreath,
Or peace the tools of war deſtructive ſheath?
Oh no! while grim perdition ſwells the mind,
Peace and its gifts fly vaniſhing to wind,
And vaunted freedom proves a wayward maid,
A form ideal, an unſubſtantial ſhade.

But

‖ Emigrants.

But ſhades ærial, yours a laſting peace,
While ſtings and ſorrow 'ſturb your country's
peace;
Hopeleſs amid a nation's woes to live,
And hopeleſs to a country's ſhame ſurvive.

THE

THE WARRING CHRISTIAN.

'MID ſtorms and hurricanes of woe
Calm o'er my breaſt my ſhield I throw
Of faith in God, and take my ſtand,
A ſoldier under Heav'n's command.
As ſuch I think diſmay a crime,
Arm'd in the cauſe of God ſupreme:
Chriſt is my fort's ſecurity,
And mercies infinite my pay.
Tow'rlike am I by foes beſet,
God overſees my warring ſtate;
Will throw in, as my fort is preſt,
Deliv'rance at my pray'r's requeſt.

Alike ſurrender, compromiſe
Diſdaining, hoſtile treacheries
The fort ſecure in Heaven defies.
Learn hence, ye ſons of trial, torn
By woes, and pierc'd by ſhaft of ſcorn,
And ſorrow's keeneſt wounding thorn;
And ye who patiently ſuſtain
The load of calumny, diſdain,
Who hurt acquaintance ſcorn ſurvey,
And friendſhip ſtand at diſtance ſhy,
Theſe are the batt'ries of the foe,
Deſign'd your virtue to ſubdue;
And ſtand but to your duty true,
God will avenge, confirm your hearts
Impregnable to Satan's darts:
For every cup of bitt'reſt woe
Conceals the drugs of bliſs below;
And woes are giv'n as acts of grace,
Deſign'd to purge the ſoul and raiſe.
For God all-pow'rful can fulfil
The purpoſes of grace from ill,
With plans to mortal eye abſtruſe,
From evil choiceſt good produce;
Fruit of his councils intricate,
Grace overcoming helliſh hate.

The Chriſtian marches on his guard,
Preceded by Jehovah's ſword,
That like a comet blazes far,
Preſage of joy and ſuccour near.

High in their hopes of conqueſt near,
When moſt his foes exult, 'tis there
God turns their battle to deſpair,
Relieving the bereft of hope,
To vengeance on the foe gives ſcope.

Word of Almighty Providence,
Whom angels fear, men rev'rence,
By every tongue of thine ador'd,
Exiſting, all-commanding word:
To thee Jehovah let me fly
On wing of faith and charity.

WRITTEN

ON

A SUNDAY.

COME, heav'nly thought, in calm devotion dreſt,
Hallow the ſabbath of Jehovah's praiſe,
Pure, and by worldly paſſion unperplext,
Begirt with ſanctity and chriſtian grace,
Hymning hoſannahs to creation's Lord,
By downcaſt mien of angels, reverenc'd and ador'd!

II.

Pride bending under reaſon's firm conſtraint
Bow lowly. Father of what's holieſt, beſt
Source of whatever borders on the ſaint,
Thyſelf

Thyſelf in thy ſon's pattern beſt expreſt;
Before whom virtue is not free from ſtains,
Wiſdom is folly, human ſtrength incompetence.

III.

My ſoul's beſt organs fail to reach thy height,
And thought extended can't that goodneſs
ſcan,
That ſcorns iniquity with perfect hate,
Promoting virtue mark'd by man's diſdain,
By ſcorn endur'd illuſtrating thy praiſe,
For thou her blots incurr'd in judgment ſhalt
eraze.

IV.

Arm'd with ſuch virtue, my lov'd Saviour
brav'd
Each vilifying taunt of human droſs,
Inſulted by their ſcorn his virtues ſav'd
By meritorious ſuff'ring of the croſs;
Each ſtigma plants a jewel in his crown
Of glory, and decrees a pang to foes o'erthrown.

ON

THE AUTHOR

OF

"THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

IF Iſrael's friend, Jehovah low'rs,
Or darts his tenets thro' the void;
If rock-built palaces and tow'rs,
Or Heav'n convuls'd has own'd her God;—

II.

How feels the rebel, who can ſpurn
The link of nature—order's chain,
Whoſe pen in diſcord's cauſe outworn,
Spreads poiſon thro' the reader's vein?

III.

III.

Ah! may his book untouch'd remain,
Sunk deep in mute oblivion's wave,
To him no friend inſcribe a ſtrain,
No bard his reſcu'd mem'ry ſave.

IV.

May he, if ſickneſs brood her wing,
By friend, by foe neglected lie;
To him nought joy or comfort bring,
Save doctrine of equality:

V.

For if he'd led thro' crafty maze
Our youth in anarchy aſtray,
Pleas'd would the grinning monſter gaze
On ruin's univerſal ſway.

VI.

Ye worthies, hold uplifted arm,
Cemented firm in patriot bands,
Now poize the ſteel for ſervice warm,
Now ſcatter diſmay o'er the lands.

VII.

VII.

Rememb'ring weep, how oft was ſhed
Of patriot blood exhauſted ſtore,
Thoſe for uſurper Cromwell bled,
Theſe ting'd a throne with tears of gore.

VIII.

O Heav'n! O every gliding ſtar
That gildſt from age to age the pole,
Sing peace—avert the blaſt of war:
O ſave our empire's fabrick whole.

ON

A LOYAL MEETING

HELD AT B——

TO ſcourge rebellion, leſt confuſion roar
To Albion's guilty ſons deluded, hurl'd,
The patriot boils to fame, collects his pow'r,
And arm'd with juſtice, awes a rebel world.

II.

As when ſome rock derides the watry hill,
Its baſis fix'd on adamantine ſeat;
So careleſs of the rabble frown or ſmile,
Our patriots council'd, Chathams in debate.

III.

Unaw'd by party now licentious grown,
This tribe to loyalty their goddeſs bow'd;

While rais'd on reaſon's plain but ſapient throne
Two orators held mute the liſt'ning croud.

IV.

A baſhful barriſter, who firſt began,
In wrangling vers'd and bred; his office was
Not to define the copious "rights of man,"
But ope the pleadings, and premiſe the caſe.

V.

Next ſpoke who knew not eloquence's teſt,
Brief in harangue, of image nought profuſe;
He ſtudied to maintain that empire bleſt,
Where freedom ſhines untainted by abuſe.

VI.

Tho' here no eloquence diſplayed her lore,
Yet loyalty her hallow'd off'ring ſhed;
Abaſh'd to ſilence, rebels rave no more:
George ſways his people, their anointed head.

VII.

E'en he who ſurgeon-like* all ready ſtood
To plunge his knife, and drink his country's blood,

* A democratic ſurgeon.

Who hop'd at leaſt to cleave a limb in twain,
King, Lords, or Commons, and be French again:
In inmoſt caverns hides his ſecret mind,
Nor dares betray a whiſper to the wind.

VIII.

O my lov'd country, may'ſt thou never know
End of thy bleſſings, or commencing woe.
Ne'er let the praiſes of th' Almighty end,
He ſhall thy ſtate in needy hour befriend,
Guide thee thro' ſhoals and rocks thy pilot's care,
In fight his unſeen preſence ſhall be near,
And animate thy hoſt and break the hoſtile ſpear.

ON THE

GALLANT SPEECH

OF

M. DESEZE,

Delivered to the

FRENCH CONVENTION,

IN VINDICATION

Of his degraded Monarch.

I.

LET Frenchmen hear a patriot king's defence,
Worth's advocate, and ſhield of innocence.
He ſtands‡ untainted 'mid his country's ſtrife,
Friend to the friendleſs in the ſtorm of life.

II.

With wings of lore fair erudition riſe,
Melt and perſuade—a monarch is the prize;
Entwine

‡ M. DESEZE.

Entwine the wreath that ſanctifies th' oppreſt,
" Away with grace (he cries) we aſk you to be
juſt."

III.

His mind unbiaſs'd, or by gain or fear,
(How rarely copied by the modern bar
Who hir'd harangue) for ſetting worth entwines
The palm, and to the fall'n eulogium pens.

IV.

Does he the bench's claim'd attention call,
Honey and ſweetneſs on the ſentence dwell;
Does indignation riſe from acts of wrong,
Like ruſhing floods he ſweeps his eloquence
along.

V.

He now embraces all the pleader's art,
That ſteals the audience tears, or moves the
heart;
Yet all in vain—his genius cannot charm
Revenge, or wreſt the ſteel from fury's arm.

VI.

VI.

Fair juſtice' balance party rage outweighs,
Death the laſt drug of bitterneſs* ſupplies:
No pomp th' anointed martyr's manes grac'd,
Tho' innocence confirm'd him to the laſt.

---

* Louis XVI.

LIBERTY

LIBERTY TRIUMPH's;

OR THE

SLAVE TRADE

ABOLISHED.

I.

CODE of rapacious wrongs and proſp'rous guilt,
Whoſe charter'd wand was dipt in Afric blood,
Source of diſgrace and woe till now unfelt;
Fall barb'rous ſyſtem, vanquiſh'd and deſtroy'd!

II.

II.

The African oppreſt no more ſhall weep
His offspring ſtol'n, ſnatch'd from a fire's embrace;
Nor with the tears of parting ſorrow ſteep
The piercing chain, that galls his kindred race.

III.

For why? our ſenate ſaw Britannia free,
And awful war in deep confinement laid;
They ſaw rejoic'd, for calm proſperity
With wings of plenty deign'd our realms o'erſhade.

IV.

Then oft in memory the time return'd
(As Albion's ſenate council'd in debate)
How their foreſathers for their freedom burn'd,
When Roman arms o'errul'd affairs of ſtate.

V.

Shame to the ſenſeleſs crew, whoſe trade too long
Of rapine, baſely ting'd their country's name;
Her virtues tarniſh'd hence, the ſervile throng
For lucre ſold her honors and her fame.

EPISTLE

TO

R. O. ESQ. at Eton College.

SINCE firſt Epiſtles into numbers ſwell'd,
How few have flouriſh'd, or with art excell'd;
A ſomething wanting ſtill each ear to pleaſe,
Few praiſe, but more depreciate the piece:
Firſt rule diſtinguiſhes the man of praiſe,
Hence plans ariſe the fabric of his lays.

But ah! how various proves the lot of rhymes!
Some ſhine, ſome reap the malice of the times;
Then critics frown, and juſtice, ne'er afraid,
Hangs o'er offenders her impartial blade.

In

In theſe you rank him, pray you judge no
worſe,
Who rhymes out proſe, and thinks forſooth 'tis
verſe;
Who ſings, but hopes to leave no lay behind,
With Bedlam not Parnaſſus in his mind;
Who twice has err'd,* and hopes to err again,
Till O——'s rage diſarm the officious pen.

While ſome to ſolitude and ſhades are born,
'Tis you my friend the depths of ſcience learn;
When books are o'er, and reſpite from the Muſe
Gives joy her ſcope, and ſtudents each their
bent purſues,—
Lo! ſome the cricket ball's round orbit throw,
Hurl down the barrier tree, diſlodge the foe;
While ſome (ſure pity never mov'd their breaſt!)
Snatch feather'd infants from the mourner's neſt.

How then, my O—— hoſtile time deludes,
Since ſcenes are his where never care intrudes;
Here Thames appears, whom claſhing oars
divide;
Here Windſor deck'd with all her foreſt pride;

* In writing two Epiſtles.

While thought and converſe half engage his heart,
Perhaps his country's glories claim a part.

Or he enwrapt in ſtudy fame purſues,
And ſwears a long devotion to his Muſe;
Or now with angling, proof of patience good,
Enſnares the finny offspring of the flood.

Thrice happy they who give their days to lore,
Admire her beauties, and her paths explore:
Fair queen, ſhe bids each heav'nly artiſt breathe,
And ſees her doctrines center'd in an HEATH;

To ſome ſhe gives a Maro's verſe to read,
And ſome from conſtrued Homer claim their meed;
(Whoſe verſe diſplays the tale of Trogan woe,
And paints each ſteel-clad warrior's care-worn brow,
Who watch'd as guardians o'er their country's good,
And menac'd Greece, diſdainful of her nod:
His country's pride thus leaving heav'n-built Troy,

Pre-

Preferr'd a parent's pray'r, and bleſt his boy:
For her, far driv'n from Ilium's haughty walls,
By fate and ſtern Achilles Hector falls;
While the ſage matron, victim of deſpair,
Hears piercing ſhrieks forth iſſuing from the war,
Her loom deſerted, and her peaceful ſeat,
Each dol'rous ſhout reſounds her Hector's fate.)

While others train'd to geographic lore,
To gulphs remote and fartheſt realms explore:
Does France depictur'd on the map appear?
Lo! here the towns, the theatre of war.
But ah! while ſcience here her pow'r diſplays,
And her ſons' ſons ſhine bright beneath her rays,
Why ſhould the Engliſh Muſe unpractis'd ſtill
Lament, not courted or invok'd to ſmile?
Since had ſhe once but bloom'd on Eton's grove,
There plac'd her ſhrine, her laurels to improve,
Long ſince the palm, which Roman Muſes wore,
Her hands in rival enmity had tore.

Such ſcenes forever could my praiſe employ,
Birth of each Muſe and all my former joy;

But

But while forbidden themes the Muſe forbears,
Part of her province is the field of Mars:
Fierce as the Scythian how the Godhead reigns
O'er France, and glows o'er all her ſultry plains.

O ſpare the weeping ſtrain, nor hence infer
My heart a proſelyte, or inſincere,
That bleeds for Gaul, while yet her city lives,
Expiring in the blows her ſtate receives.
A nation, ponderous in Europe's ſcale,
View her demoliſhing her own Baſtile;
Thus ruin hurl'd o'er ſlav'ry's arched dome,
See freedom's form eſcape the ſilent tomb.
Embrac'd by all, the heav'nly goddeſs came,
Till rage and faction gave exceſs her name;
Then firſt ſhe frown'd, o'er-aw'd by civil fiends,
And the fair proſpect in affliction ends.
Yet hapleſs few, who feel their country's pain,
With wiſh to heal her, when that wiſh is vain.

Die ſerious thought in novelty unbent,
Act follows action here, event event.
Sport of th' unwiſe, by libertines diſgrac'd,
Chaſte Hymen's knot two faithful pairs embrac'd.

One,

One, who oft carp'd at writing's void of law,
His miſtreſs found alone without a flaw:
One while at ſchool did his attachment prove,
Tho' bad in arts, well-ſchool'd in that of love.

Yet while politer crowds at Hymen gaze,
Cyllenius here his myſtic art diſplays;
Our peaceful villas nurſe a den of thieves,
Where many a Barrington unpuniſh'd thrives.
Farewell! as mine, ſo prove my Muſe's friend,
Smile at her follies, tho' you can't commend.

EPISTLE

TO

R. O. ESQ. at Christ-Church,

OXFORD.

I.

WHILE lyres more ſweet than mine can charm his breaſt,
Or cares, if with a care his heart ſhould bleed,
Why pants my friend again to ſtorm his taſte,
Or hear the warblings of mine oaten reed?
Nor here can bays her ſhining toil ſucceed,
Should merit ſelf pour forth th' illuſtrious ſtrain,
Or ſtring the lyre to chaunt ſome hallow'd deed,
Since Sol, that fir'd in ſpring each Muſe's vein,
Behind Parnaſſus mount withdraws his weary'd wain.

II.

Beſides, untutor'd but in nature's ſchool,
No lay, no ſcience here the ſwain has bleſt;
He ne'er embrac'd a philoſophic rule,
But that which inſtinct planted in his breaſt.
Curſe on the tyrant fiend, whoſe high beheſt
Slew Cambria's bards and ting'd their bays with gore:
Fair learning here her fav'rite ſhrine had plac'd,
Had Edward's ſteel ne'er widow'd all our ſhore,
Or wrought th' unhallow'd deed which now my ſtrains deplore.
Now * all but envy ſleeps,—her watchful eyes
No ſong can charm to find denied repoſe;
Pleas'd only when her neighbours lot ſhe weighs,
To find his joys far lighter than his woes.

III.

Thus now perhaps (but Heav'n divert her aim!)
She ſpeeds to ſnatch from Frederic's brow the prize,

* Written at Night.

Won by deſert and toil the price of fame,
And breathes o'er all his bays deſponding ſighs,
From lofty tow'rs now hurls a thouſand lies
Of vict'ries, chiefs polluted with diſgrace;
How Yorke aſſaults the foe from ambuſh guiſe,
Or wheels to war with too impetuous pace,
Leſt honour ever new ſhould plume his royal face.

IV.

E'en if ſhe now ſhould brand her cruel ſnake,
And o'er the Muſe's haunt her influence pour,
Her palm all trembling muſt the lyre forſake,
Her pen no more the fields of ſong explore:
Occaſion now ſcarce bids the Muſes ſoar
When peace far hence, the nurſe of ſcience, flies,
To Sweden's region, or to Denmark's ſhore.
To fire the patriot councils of the wiſe,
Free from ambition's plan, and ſtateſman's theories;

V.

And winter throws his mantle o'er our iſle,
Fraught with celeſtial ſtorms and wind and rain,

Whereat the ſeas as diſcontented ſwell,
And the poor Moor foretells the hurricane
To damp his vaniſh'd hopes of earthly gain;
Now view the vale, and viſit pen'ry's roof,
Nor thou t' avert each miſery diſdain;
There fate and hunger weave th' impending woof,—
Spend more than tears, humanity's exalted proof:

VI.

Or if you boaſt a ſympathetic frame,
To heal where fortune's adverſe arrow falls,
The ſhip-wreck'd wretch compaſſion's alms ſhould claim,
Whoſe hopes lie bury'd with his wooden walls;
Or when the ſky ſome louring rage foreſtalls,
O let the tear for wand'ring ſuff'rance flow!
Whoſe feet and hope have borne him to your halls,
Whoſe furrow'd cheek and grief-dejected brow
Proclaim a length of years and pangs of inward woe.

VII.

Scarce ſhall the ſtar of winter diſappear,
But forums 'bound with volumes and with plays;
The dire contagion flies from ſphere to ſphere,
Learn'd and unlearn'd, all ſcribble for the bays;
But grant, ye Muſes, if my pipe ſhould raiſe
One ſong, immers'd in thoughtful ſolitude,
Diſcretion ſtill ſhould guide my future lays,
Content not to exceed the plaintive ode,
Nor aim at laurels, which the zealous graſp
elude.

Llanworted Wells,
July 4, 1793.

REPUB-

REPUBLICANISM

DEFEATED.

I.

WHAT inward ſpirit bids me hail
My country ſav'd from diſcord's ſpell,
And ſlav'ry's cruel dart?
Ah! ſure, 'tis inborn loyalty,
That ſweetens life or death's decree,
Or fate's ſevereſt ſmart.

II.

To burſt upon the veſſel's ſide,
Perdition's ſtorm in ſleep was laid,
And grim ſerenity;
There ſyren ſtrife waves o'er the flood
EQUALITY—her magic rod,
To draw the bark aſtray:

III.

The gorgon head leſs ſkill poſſeſt
To petrify the human breaſt,
Or freeze both fleſh and bone;
For whoſo view'd this rod profound
Enchantment ſoon their ſenſes bound,
Their heart was turn'd to ſtone.

IV.

Yet conquer'd 'mid her charms profane,
Striſe gaſps in agony and pain,
And rends her ſnake-wove hair;
Now to ſome gloom-inveſted place
She calls the ſiſters of her race,
Mad Frenzy and Deſpair:

V.

Conſcious that Britain's olive bough
But droops, and many a laurel new
Blooms on her Fred'ric's face;

Nor

Nor hut is hers or princely tow'r,
But feel impartial freedom's pow'r,
Like Sol unbound by ſpace.

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED

TO A

L A D Y

ON HER

DEPARTURE FROM WALES.

YE rural ſhades, in whoſe ſequeſter'd bow'rs
The Muſe with ſong oft guil'd the languid hours,
Retir'd in ſolitude, that maid ſerene,
Baniſh'd each worldly care, each worldly ſcene;
Ye ſhades, whoſe plains Arcadian ſeats excel,
Teach me—O teach me ſing one ſad farewell!

For ſlow and mournful flow the weeping lays,
Which the fond Muſe to worth and friendſhip pays;
The ſtrain, affliction's gift, her griefs inſpire,
Strike ſlow and ſoft the melancholy lyre.

Little

Little avail our plains, their flow'ry mein,
The ſmiles of nature, or the verdant green;
Little this gay attire of fields or ſky
Avails to check the boſom-heaving ſigh.

And wilt thou N——— bid our fields adieu!
Thoſe fields which gayly bloom alone for you?
The tree ſhall wither, and the myrtle fade,
And hoary autumn deſolate the glade;
While we, an hapleſs tribe, ſhall oft deplore
Your ſteps retiring from the Cambrian ſhore.

Leſt female bluſhes paint the roſy hue,
No flatt'ring ſtrains ſhall ſing the laſt adieu;
For when I 'bey baſe adulation's nod,
Then may the Muſe forſake her wont abode,
May baſeneſs wither all the poet's bays,
And reading critics ever ceaſe to praiſe.

For why? The Muſe no melting numbers brings
To ſooth the courtier, or the beſt of kings.

To all that's ſweet in you we bid farewell;
Dull without thee, we ſlight the beauties of the dale.
But friendly N——, ſhould your mind peruſe
This humble ſheet, th' excurſion of the Muſe,
O vers'd in lore! excuſe her bold career,
Friendſhip not genius form'd the line ſincere:
Caprice far abſent, bane accurſt of men!
Candour o'erlooks what critics would condemn.

May wily aſps infeſt the hateful road,
To fright the impious and the foes of God—
Their ſteps may ravens chide, or chatt'ring jay;
But no ſuch tokens may our N—— ſee
T' impede the progreſs of her happy way.

Fly bird of omen, fly propitious dove,
And o'er her head a guardian genius rove;
With notes ſoft warbling thro' the air ariſe,
Whence fair hair'd Phœbus gilds his orient ſkies,
On zephyrs gently borne, ſweet ſongſtreſs play,
And Oh propitious waft her on her way!

Tho'

Tho' not for ever, yet adieu once more,
Whom friends ſhall hail return'd upon their
ſhore;
O that one ſhort delay had join'd, ye Gods,
Her to our manſion, and retir'd abodes.

THE VISION.

THE dream, excurſion plann'd thro' fancy's meads,
In truths fair dreſs, O heavenly Muſe, diſcloſe:
The car of night flew drawn by ſable ſteeds,
When Gallia's ſylph, a ſhadowy phantom, roſe:

His godlike head, tho' many a wreath had crown'd,
And tho' his arms aſpir'd to conqueſt's car,
His front was gor'd by many a ghaſtly wound,
The ſad earn'd trophy of domeſtic war;

Looſe flow'd his ſcatter'd garb, and cares perplext
His heart, that o'er his country's wrongs had bled.
" By ſighs that rend or griefs that fire my breaſt
" Implor'd, O Briton, hear," (the phantom ſaid)

" Weigh'd

"Weigh'd in the fate that guides my country's
ſtar,
Her groans convulſe me and her pangs I ſhare.
Five dreary ſuns have ſeen theſe eyelids mourn,
And lave with parent tears each patriot's urn.
Thou God! who read'ſt the volumes of our fate,
Who ſooth'ſt or magnify'ſt misfortune's weight,
Who draw'ſt (leſt mortal hope ſhould fail) o'er ill
Futurity's impenetrable veil;
For ever ſhall thy arm extend its rage,
And human ſtrife with reaſon war perpetual wage?
Each wringing woe to ours ſhall ſeem a burden
light,
And guilt outdone by ours ſhall ſhine in white.
What crimes have ting'd fair freedom's cheek
with ſhame!
What ſeas of blood her every triumph ſtain!

With dreadful ruin nods the temple's baſe;
What patriot hand her falling ſpires ſhall raiſe?
Or from her deſk*, ſupport of virtue's weal,
Baniſh politic ſtrife, in ſchools to dwell?
Fierce as the Scythian's heart, untam'd by fear,
How

* Pulpit.

How Mars his harneſt chariot drives to war,
The peſt no more to Gallia's plains confin'd,
Scarce Europe's towns the raging progreſs bind.

But if one realm my rival ſighs ſhould call,
'Tis Albion, proſp'rous in her ſtateſmen's zeal;
She heavenly maid, bound faſt by freedom's ties,
Hears no diſſentive ſounds, no murmurs riſe:
Queen of the ſeas, her empire's happy frame
No ruffian ſteel ſhall wound, no diſcord maim.

Auſpicious Heav'n! may thus my city raiſe
Her pow'r, like hers, erect on freedom's vaſe;
Supplant the baſe diſturbers of her reſt,
And claſp her long-mourn'd freedom to her breaſt."
He ſpoke and groan'd, then vaniſh'd from my view;
My eyes in vain the fleeting ſhade purſue,
Prone to his native ſhore, on eagle wings he flew.

To

Angliaci juvenes quibus eſt animuſq' vigorq'
Vos belli rigidas diſcite ferre vices,
Fœmineos differte in idonea tempora luxus,
Et tegat horribilem caſſis ahena comam;
Orabo cœlos, animoſaq' carmina reddens
Ipſa canet reditum Muſa canetve necem.

To a Young Gentleman

ON

ENTERING THE ARMY.

I.

YOUTH of no mean deſcent or line,
Whom fates that gave thee birth deſign
T' embark in Europe's ſtriſe;
I paint the zeal matur'd and grown,
And patriot firmneſs all thine own,
Thrice prodigal of life:

II.

II.

Thy heart alacrity diſplays,
Champion enroll'd for honour's race,
Far from our peaceful vale,
Sworn thus to ſerve thy natal ſhore;
Then burſt my ſighs, lament thee more,
Careſt for all thy zeal.

EPISTLE

TO

J. D. ESQ. at Sydney College,

CAMBRIDGE.

I.

WHILE crouds, loquacious of affairs of ſtate,
Now conquer Yorke or Houchard in debate;
While princes heroes in contention join,
T' erect the throne of Bourbon's royal line,—

II.

Say, ſhould the Muſe launch yet in fancy's car,
Attention ſcarce ſhall on her ſtudies ſmile;
Elſe whence begins my heart's prophetic fear,
Leſt e'er offence be ſeal'd within her toil.

III.

No ſhaft ſhe dreads of ill-directed ſpleen,
(Dire cauſe of many an hapleſs Muſe's fears)
Since friendſhip modulates her pipe, unſeen
By crouds profane, unheard by vulgar ears.

IV.

Hail thou lone dome! thrice irkſome if the hour
Of ſolitude ſhould urge one burſting ſigh;
As if mankind ſhould ſhun reflection's power,
Improv'd by ſolitude's enchanting ray:

V.

Yet here may rapture fill the ſophiſt's ſoul,
Who ſoars from mortal plains to themes ſublime,
Whoſe hours employ'd in deep reflection roll,
Who ſcans the living manners of the time.

VI.

Here to compenſate many a chilling blaſt
In fertile vales and world-ſecluded plains,
Hygeia miſtreſs of the ſount we taſte,
Flows in our cups, and mingles in our veins.

VII.

Whether deſcending here thro' beds of ore
Or rock, theſe ſprings their hidden good imbibe,
The tribe, well-ſkill'd in Æſculapian lore,
Can praiſe their virtues, not their ſource deſcribe.

VIII.

Experience notes, that this ſalubrious ſtream
Diſeaſe's melancholy ſting diſarms,
Expels complaints that ſhake the infant's frame,
And gives him whole to bleſs a parent's arms:

IX.

Not here to mention, how ſcorbutic veins,
By rich intemp'rance and luxurious food
Deprav'd, imbibe their cure upon theſe plains,
And lave their paſt corruption in the flood.

X.

Now rouſe your faith;—a deed of ſeaſons paſt
I ſing, nor truth diſowns the wond'rous tale:
A wretch, as great as e'er mov'd pity's breaſt,
Of leproſy o'erwhelm'd with many a ſcale;

XI.

From diſtant towns by charity convey'd,
Here laving quaff'd the ſalutary bowl:
The fiend no more upon his members prey'd,
His frame grew nerv'd, in fine the man was whole.

XII.

From this lone ſpot, B———'s frigid zone,
How ſummer flies, and ſhews convulſive ſigns!
The tree that erſt the pride of Irwan ſhone,
Its parting foliage to the ſtream reſigns.

XIII.

The grove, where muſic held her warbling cell,
Each ſongſter loſt, each dying note deplores;
The blackbird now ſcarce whiſtles thro' the dale,
The cuckoo flies our hoſpitable ſhores.

XIV.

The hare, diverſion of a thouſand foes,
Bounds from the buſh, and ſkims the azure plain,
The ſport of ideot minds, whoſe life or flows
Mark'd by ſad vice, or ſloth's inglorious ſtain.

XV.

XV.

Thus ſpent the wings of time but idly fly,
Or unimprov'd, or uſeleſs to mankind;
While Albion's warriors thunder on the foe,
T' inſure from chains the freedom of the mind:

XVI.

Leſt doctrines, more pernicious than the ſword,
Diſturb the empire's ſyſtematic frame,
Leſt Chaos riſe the world's imperial lord,
And Britain's ſtar be dwindled to a name.

XVII.

Yet war far hence his bloody garment wears,
E'en ſtrife itſelf yields check'd by prudence' rein,
Art ſhines unvex'd by vain politic cares,
Proud of a royal patron in her train.

XVIII.

To you, ſince now illuſtrious ſcience calls
From Sedberg's ſeat to ſcenes of brighter lore,
To trace fair learning e'en to Sydney's walls,
May fortune heap of good an ample ſtore.

XIX.

XIX.

O may you live untouch'd by adverſe dart,
Nor to the iron ſcourge of ſickneſs bow,
Or if miſchance ſhould ever cauſe a ſmart,
May it fly more tranſient than the morning dew.

Llanworted Wells,
Oct. 27, 1792.

EPISTLE

TO

J. D. ESQ. at Sedberg, Westmoreland.

SPARE, O my friend, the Muſe, if urg'd again
She animate a feeble vot'ry's brain,
Now ſcarce ſelf-guided, ſince the fates have ſwore
To hurl him baniſh'd far from Thames's ſhore,
Where thouſand bards have met the Muſe' embrace
Of joyous ſmiles, and revel'd in her grace.

O ſpare the leaſt of all her ſons, that breathe
Debarr'd her groves, ſcarce honor'd in a wreath,
If ſtill obſcurity his mind can raiſe,
Or grots improve a mod'rate thirſt of praiſe;

And

And why not here fictitious laurels grow,
Since ours' the ray * that gilds Parnaſſus brow ?

Then fancy frame my thought to fame's
purſuit,
Bleſt when I find in antient caves thy route ;
(Sad to the grove, a ſcarcer haunt, I fly,
Since ſpendthrifts cut our navy's grand ſupply,
Turn woods to deſarts, ornaments of late,
To grace ſome Nabob's or a courtier's ſeat)
Elſe vain the pen of poetry I rule,
And ſtagnant lines but flow without a ſoul.

O waft me hence, where furrow'd cares ſub-
ſide,
To U—'s cold margin, B——'s watry pride :
O'er U— a terrace nods, whoſe walks remain
Superb memorial of her author's name ;
Here U— by tributary Honthy ſwells,
And fame already propheſies canals.

Pardon the ſtrain from rule to woe digreſt,
A tale of ſorrow riſes in my breaſt :
" A youth who Phillis lov'd, but lov'd in vain,
" Since rigid parents diſapprov'd the flame ;

* Sun.

" Alone diſtracted, on the craggy ſide
" Of Vaga wept, then plung'd amid the tide;
" And Oh! as if ſome cowardly remorſe
" Had urg'd repentance to his dying corſe,
" Sinking he ſtruggled, half averſe to die;
" But fate relentleſs ſeiz'd his youthful prey.
" Poor youth! parental wounds yet mourn him dead,
" And weep his pillow in the waters laid."

Too ſure this month for gentle Venus wars,
I hear the ſighs, I view the lover's ſcars;
Yet grieve not they, ſince equal fires invade
The manly boſom and the bluſhing maid.

Ah! many a ſun has heard Corinna's groan,
Since firſt ſhe bow'd her heart, by Damon won:
Long by parental enmity purſued,
No wealth was his to bribe her parent's nod;
Until he quell'd a dying father's hate,
And wealth began the ſunſhine of his fate,
Her parent's wrath by rich conſent o'erpaid;‡
O when ſhall Venus deck the bridal bed?

‡ In matrimony outbalanced.

Ah, gentle month! 'tis thine to woo the fair,
Make heroines glow, and anſwer care for care.
Here Cupid roams, or there his arrow flies;
There freemen bleed, a Britiſh virgin's prize.
Had nymphs now woo'd, Narciſſus ne'er had bound
Their hearts in vain, but felt a mutual wound.
But ſhould this vultur* in the boſom live,
Ovid alone can "lover's hearts" revive;
For ſtrains like his with Cupid's gifts abound,
And heal, like aſps, where erſt they caus'd a wound.

Such love be vain, ſave that which patriots feel,
The head of council, and the heart of zeal.
Lo! far as wind Britannia's ſail expands,
Her ſtateſman labours, and his care extends;
No venal arts defeat his pious toil,
His medal fame, and honour all his ſpoil.

* Love.

See

See the late Chatham, foe to tyrant's will,
In viſion loſt and agonizing zeal;
Cool in debate, unmov'd by ſlander's ſtrain,
See Pitt turn'd wrangler for his country's gain.

Would ruffians learn remorſe, or France to crown
Virtue with wreaths, or hideous vice dethrone;
Let Burke harangue with indignation's ſtorm—
Vice ſhall grow pale—nay bluſh,—perhaps reform.

B——,
April 15, 1793.

EPISTLE

TO

J. D. ESQ. at Sydney College, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

WHILE wholeſome leſſons of the Britiſh ſage‡
I pond'ring read, or ſtung with frenzy write,
Or nod o'er pamphlets hot with party rage,
That war with ſenſe, and err—to ſet us right;

II.

My friend, directed by ſome nobler ſtar,
Explores the wealth of learning's claſſic mine,
Where Radcliff dar'd tuition's dome to rear,
And grac'd with poliſh'd arts his Sydney's ſhrine.

‡ Spectator.

III.

There may the ſacred pile of volumes † riſe,
By time made ſacred, and more hallow'd fate;
Some creed or manuſcript of ſophiſt wiſe,
Some work that 'ſcap'd the ruins of a ſtate;

IV.

Or ſabine ſtrain, or ode too ſweet to lie
Conceal'd behind oblivion's curtain-veil,
That breath'd a patriot's ſoul, or lover's ſigh,
Surviving Rome, grown barb'rous in her fall:

V.

Or ſon of ſcience nurs'd in Grecia's lap,
Who ſaw her arts with freedom's voice expire;
Doom'd in his works the chaos to eſcape,
His works, ſweet fragments of th' Athenian lyre.

VI.

Or there perhaps Eliza's bard enchants,
Or Shakeſpeare's lines, that claim a higher place.
Expel the pamphlet, and abſurd romance
To female ſtudies, or the forum's ſpace.

† Library of courſe.

VII.

'Tis yours, my friend, with elegiac lyre,
And ſolemn ſtrains, to greet each Founder's
ſhade,
Or wrapt in contemplation's inward fire,
The circling maze of ſciences to tread:

VIII.

Or ſcan the laws which Roman maſters drew,
The firſt great founders of the critic trade;
Diſhonour'd by their ſons, a baſtard crew!
Eclipſing merit with an envious ſhade.

IX.

'Tis yours, when doom'd to combat party rage,
"Offended with the policy of laws,"
With wrong opinion ſteady war to wage,
And vindicate an injur'd nation's cauſe.

X.

Go, friendly youth,—fair learning's paths purſue,
Whether ſhe trains her pupil ſon to war,
Or with ſevereſt honour's rules in view,
She bids him grace the ſenate or the bar.

XI.

While ſtateſmen form ambition's haſty plan,
'Tis you frequent the court where ſcience rules,
Converſe with patriots, free from party-ſtain,
And bards, the more than ornament of ſchools.

XII.

There lives ſome Hamden of a future age,
Some bard, whoſe ſoul the moving ſtrain ſhall pour,—
Unite his country, (torn by factious rage)
When hoſtile prows upon her banks ſhall moor:

XIII.

Some Hume in embryo, doom'd with pencil true
The vices of a ſhameleſs age to paint,
Unſkill'd to flatter the licentious crew,
Or draw from Cromwell's face, the picture of a ſaint.

XIV.

Then if ſome vicious ſon his pen explore,
He ſcans a T——, pois'd in judgment's ſcale,
Whoſe

Whoſe manners drawn from nature's roughest
ſtore,
Diſdain to wear art's execrable veil.

XV.

Yet ſtrange! that Tarquin's mind a veil requires
Of deep reſerve, to hide a ſinful ſcore;
Whoſe beſtial ſoul could glow with guilty fires,
And the ſweet bloom of innocence deflow'r.

XVI.

Deſiſt, my Muſe, leſt many a ſtrain ſhould wound
My friend's nice ear, now charm'd by ſweeter
lyres;
Thy groves exceeded, tempt no claſſic ground,
Where ſcience reigns, whence ignorance retires.

EPISTLE

TO

J. D. ESQ. at Eton College.

I.

FROM rural ſcenes, where gloom-envelop'd Jove
Inſhrin'd in many a rainy cloud deſcends,
This line conveys the ſentiments of love
To O——'s boſom, and the beſt of friends.

II.

For tho' when ſpring reigns miſtreſs of the year,
With native warmth the bard more pow'rful glows,
Than while the ſickle* cuts the ripen'd ear,
Or earth white-boſom'd† feels deſcending ſnows;

* In Autumn.——† In Winter.

III.

Yet 'mid the deep-caſt horrors of the gloom,
Awak'd I ſing to friendſhip and to thee;
While the black ruffian trembles for his doom,
Scar'd at the winds, and meditates to fly.

IV.

Nor think it flatt'ry, that of D——'s name
A Muſe ambitious ſpeeds her to the field;
Grac'd by no laurels, ſhe, no gifts of fame,
Dares, ſimply bold in truth, her weapons wield.

V.

But while ſhe hears aghaſt the wild uproar†
Of jarring winds, or forms th' attractive verſe,
How many a wretch roams pennyleſs and poor,
Whom wound-inflicting pains or horrors pierce!

VI.

Keen blows the wind, how rude its chilling blaſt!
Rude to the man,* who trains o'er Gallia's lands
His long array, or climbs the deſart waſte;
Or down the ſummit winds his martial bands.

† This part was written 'mid boiſterous winds, almoſt approaching to a ſtorm.

* Duke of Brunſwick.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall winter ſpread along the plain
His hoary locks, and freeze the warrior's fire;
And Mars ſhall vaniſh, but to cauſe again
New tears of friendſhip o'er the warlike bier;

VIII.

By orphan's ſorrows, by the ſcatter'd gore
Of warriors, dying in th' inglorious ſtrife,
When to her *daughter's boſom Anglia bore
The ſcourge of arms, great fountain of our grief.

XI.

Grant, all ye Gods! continued peace be ours,
And in the ploughſhare hide the glitt'ring ſpear;
Britannia then ſhall boaſt her high-built tow'rs,
In virtue bold, and unoppreſs'd by war.

X.

O nation! ‡ ſcourg'd with dire affliction's rod,
Is it alone for you forbid to feel?

* America.——‡ France.

What hands I view, bedew'd with guiltleſs blood!
What heads of treach'ry, and what hearts of ſteel!

XI.

Go, mourn that freedom, in the whirlwind loſt,
Till vengeful Heav'n eraze the ſtateſman's pride;
Hence the proud veſſel hovers 'round the coaſt,
While daſhing billows burſt upon her ſide.

XII.

Swept by the gales, ſhe fears each rolling ſea,
By jarring winds, by eddies wildly tore;
Her helm daſh'd headlong in the watry way,
No friendly anchor binds her to the ſhore.

XIII.

Go, mourn that freedom, till the crafty ſpell
Of black-ey'd murder ceaſes to deſtroy;
Till ever ceaſe to ſound each doleful knell,†
Signal for murder, and diſgraceful joy.

XIV.

† Tocſin.

XIV.

E'en now the Muſes ſhed a parting tear
On Landau's ramparts; many a patriot friend
There once ſtood foremoſt in the ranks of war,
And girt with valour, met untimely end.

XV.

But hear th' heroic chieftain's proud reply,
As Brunſwick's herald, led along the plain
Blindfolded, touch'd the boſom of the *tree (of liberty,)*
Belov'd of Gaul, and hallow'd as her fane:

XVI.

" Go, tell your lord, on yonder ſacred bough
" The keys of fate and of our city reſt;
" When we one grave ſhall find, our valiant crew
" Leaves him, and not before this laſt bequeſt."

XVII.

To fairer ſcenes awak'd my viſion ſtrays,
T' where ſea-dipt Albion wears her triple crown,*
Her

* King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland.

Her locks unruffled by tumultuous ſeas,
While on the troubled ſurge ſhe looks diſdainful
down.

XVIII.

Safe of each ſhoal, her veſſel glides ſerene
Of tempeſt; peace and honour mark her way:
She follows reaſon, and the golden mean,
Ne'er led by fraud or vanity aſtray.

XIX.

As Sol illumes the ſkies with orient fire,
Her ſons to fame and liberty ariſe:
Safe ſhielded by the law, to ſleep retire,
When night's black curtain meaſures half the
ſkies.

XX.

Inur'd to commerce, and by arts adorn'd,
They court, of genius bold, an active life;
By dire example from contention warn'd:
O may they never covet deeds of ſtrife!

XXI.

XXI.

Their talents great in cabinet or field,
In heav'nly ſcience or in arms excel;
Their war is fortified by juſtice' ſhield;—
They prize the gifts of peace by doing well.

XXII.

Forgive thy friend, who has a frame to feel,
His country's glories led his mind aſtray;
For much he joys to ſound his nation's weal,
Tho' humble his pipe, untutor'd is his lay.

XXIII.

But why preſumptive ſhould a friend intrude?
Diff'rent our fates:—you court Palladian cell;
While in the town I fly from ſolitude,
Nor ſome time ſlight the beauties of the dale.

B——,
Oct. 17, 1792.

EPISTLE

TO

Mrs. H——, at T——.

I.

NEW ſmit with writing's epidemic rage,
Safe in retreat indulging fancy's vein,
I dread no critic groups, who war with merit wage,
And plan the downfall of each bard's deſign.

II.

Where ſhall the Muſe a patron's boſom find?
With ſuch the envious world is ſcarce ſupplied;
When malice, ſubſtitute of wit, ſhall blind
Each hearer's judgment to th' accuſer's ſide.

III.

In you ſhe finds one who have writ with grace,
To untaught bards ſome licence will allow;
Nor ſearch their faults with microſcopic glaſs,
Nor lay the buds of dawning genius low.

IV.

(As parts of ſtructures, by ſome artiſt laid
'Mid gothic rudeneſs, beauty may poſſeſs,
The builder's genius is in part diſplay'd,—
We blame the ſtructure, but admire the grace:

V.

So if one ſtroke of genius ſhould appear
The toil of heavy rubbiſh to relieve,
Or render faults leſs flagrant to the ear,
The mind by friendſhip biaſs'd may forgive.)

VI.

Oh! had ſhe ſtill on Thames's margin ſpent
Her hours in ſtudious claſſical employ;
Fair ſpot of rival youths on ſtudy bent,
Birth of each Muſe, and all my former joy!

VII.

The choiceſt wealth of learning's claſſic mine
Is theirs to ſearch for in each author's toil;
Pillars which learning's edifice ſuſtain,
Admir'd, till genius ſhall our taſte defile.

VIII.

Fair ſcience ſhall to theſe their thought expand,
And dulneſs in their works a foe ſhall find;
Thro' them fair learning ſhall her realms expand,
And Goſpel truths illume the Afric's mind.

IX.

Or ſome, pacific virtues ſhall endear
Their names, the patrons of eſpous'd mankind,
Shall quell contention, heal each kingdom's ſcar,
And to the ſtateſmen join the upright mind.

X.

(But if to heart deprav'd ſome wretch unite
Parts, and in patriot maſk his guilt diſguiſe,—
Who dares for gold t' enſlave his country's right,
Or one whoſe harp ſhall hail promoted vice;

XI.

XI.

Or one whoſe ſheets with pois'nous doctrines
ſwell,
Perverted genius, engine to deſtroy
Juſt government's confirm'd, anointed wheel,—
Heav'n make his vice a bar to future ſway!)

XII.

Meteors of genius! tongues that can diffuſe
Inſtructive knowledge and converſe with wit,
Unlike th' inglorious youth late years produce,
The head of dulneſs and of ſelf-conceit.

XIII.

Is this proud man? the ſoul whoſe pow'rs are loſt,
Unnerv'd in banquets, and to ſloth conſign'd,
Curs'd when ſecluded, no reſource they boaſt,
Save when with vice their private ſteps are ſtain'd.

XIV.

Thus, while retreat and ſolitude immerſe
A ſwain in thought, and ſyrenlike ſeduce

His ſoul, flow'd his ideas dreſt in verſe,
Which nature's ſimple pow'rs, unprop'd by art,
produce.

XV.

The Muſe confides her work devoid of taſte,
Found light in merit's balance to your ear,
If arts chaſte rules her labours have tranſgreſt,
Or errors thro' a nicer glaſs appear.

XVI.

A maſter's art ne'er nurs'd the ſpark divine,
Nor governing with ſkill her mind's ideas,
Taught her one copied beauty to refine,
Nor chid her erring, or ſupply'd a grace.

B——.

HYMN

HYMN

TO THE

DEITY.

I.

O THOU, that ſcanning fathom'ſt the receſs
Of mortal hearts, and the deſigning fraud
Of hypocrites, array'd in virtue's dreſs,
And pierceſt treach'ry's moſt myſterious cloud,
Thou 'ſtabliſheſt the humble Chriſtian's mind,
That deprecates thy wrath, and to offend.

II.

Enlighten Thou my ign'rance, and diſpel
The cloud of darkneſs as the ſcatter'd miſt,

That

That nought unholy from my lyre ſhould fall,
Nought but in pureſt ſanctity expreſt:
Great Preſence op'rate on my ſoul's ideas,
Wrapt up in thee, and pregnant with thy praiſe.

III.

(Let the court's minion proſtitute his ſoul
To praiſe ſome periſhable worm of ſtate—
Frail particle of duſt! th' Almighty's tool
To ſcatter bliſs or ill; frail duſt, whoſe fate
On thee, ſuperior King of kings, depends.)
Big with thy worth, O Lord, my ſoul diſtends.

IV.

Teach me in this eſtate to act the part
By thy decrees allotted, to maintain
My poſt with vigilance and ſtrength of heart;
Thus girt the Chriſtian enters his campaign,
More great than that which half the world may bind
In ſlav'ry's chains, this vict'ry o'er the mind.

V.

With thy reſources overrule his war,
To final triumph 'neath thy ſtandard borne,

(When virtue's check'd, her ſinking powers repair,
And let not long her ſtrength defeated mourn.)
Teach him his ſoul's aſſailants to withſtand,
The ſilken cords of vice, and paſſion unreſtrain'd.
When prone to ſin his inclinations ſlide,
Make paſſion's guſt in apathy ſubſide;
Or when half conquer'd by the fatal lure,
His appetites no more reſtraint endure,
Alarm his conſcience with the threaten'd price
Of fruits denounc'd, and diſobedient vice.
What's impious or of act or thought expel
Thy ſlave, and virtue's choiceſt ſeeds inſtil;
That iſſuing from thee each good poſſeſs,
And ſolid joy within their graſp embrace:
Whoſe buds nor chance nor froſt of ſorrow blight,
Subſtantial ſemblance of a God upright!
Thy eye o'er all his ſecret paths extends,
Thy arm in holy might his ſoul defends.

VI.

O teach him unſeduc'd by vice to ſtand,
To value virtue as intrinſic good,

Tho'

Tho' griefs inflicted to her lot be penn'd;
(As where intemp'rance leaſt infects the blood,
The ſcar is readieſt heal'd; ſo ſenſe of woes
Leaſt hurt the juſt, whoſe wounds the ſooneſt
cloſe.)

VII.

To ſhun vice, garniſh'd in the dreſs of joy,
And criminal offence, her offspring foul;
Loath'd by the taſte her very banquets cloy,
And all her ſorc'ries lead to grief of ſoul.
Sole bleſt is he whom virtue's precepts ſway,
Whoſe inward peace his mis'ries can o'erpay.

VIII.

Jehovah! whom adoring angels fear,
Whoſe realms and preſence are by ſpace un-
bound;
While in the world illuſtrated appear
Thy judgments, and the ſcalp of folly wound,
So the o'erflowing manna of thy grace
No pen can reach, no language can expreſs.

IX.

IX.

Thy ſacred laws with ev'ry joy abound;
If in my boſom ſhaft of ſorrow lies,
Grant, guilt ne'er add her venom to the wound.
When mortals err, thy wrath a Saviour ſtays,
Or on bent knee checks thy Almighty hand,
Juſt rais'd to cruſh a vile and ſinful land.

X.

Thou calm'ſt the Chriſtian's pillow in diſeaſe,
And gird'ſt with patience whom thou train'ſt to woe;
Tho' wing'd with peſtilence correction flies,
Shot from the quiver of thy angry bow,
She wounds the ſoul to edify and cleanſe,
And in herſelf like aſps her cure contains.

XI.

Give me to fly from error's paths averſe,
To love thy law with undiminiſh'd zeal,
And what the purpoſe of thy will appears,
Give me in all its branches to fulfil;

And grant that when my boſom ſlides aſtray,
Thy anger tranſient as a ſhade may fly.

XII.

So when my Saviour ſhall aſcend his car,
Of triumph, throng'd by Heav'n's detach'd array,
And ſummon worlds in judgment to his bar,
Be it the ſignal of thy ſervant's joy!
Rang'd 'mong the bleſt, true 'mong the faithful found,
Who ſteering by thy law in bliſs are crown'd.

XIII.

What ſcenes aris'n in my conception ſwell!
Worth triumphs, that thro' ſuff'rings walk'd with God;
From hypocrites diſmantled drops the veil;
All reap the fruits their vice or virtues ſow'd:
The ſea her drown'd, the grave her dead, reſigns,
Collected nations the All-juſt arraigns,*
Thoſe who with minds obſcure thro' darkneſs err'd,

* In judgment.

And

And thoſe for whom the Goſpel branch was rear'd,
With this diſtinction, that the blot grows white,
Where ign'rance pleads, "the law was veil'd in night;"
So ſtains in thoſe reflect a deeper caſt,
Whoſe minds the ſenſe of "right and wrong" poſſeſt.
None ſhall his vice in mortal greatneſs ſhroud,
Peaſants and kings dethron'd ſtand judg'd of God,
Who'll judge the ſteward mind, what plants it rear'd,
From ſeeds of wiſdom, from Heav'n's gifts conferr'd:
Nor unrebuk'd he ſtands, whoſe talents fled
To ſolitude uncultur'd, unemploy'd:

XIV.

Whoſe mind lay fallow genius unimprov'd,
Or hir'd that enter'd vice's champion liſts,
Or threw ſuſpicion over doctrines prov'd
Of Heav'n, profane in irreligious jeſts,
Or who the methods of thy grace traduc'd,
Miſconſtru'd, and from thee thy flock ſeduc'd.

XV.

Meſſiah, crown'd with glories that eraze
The croſs's ſtigma, weighs a guilty world,
Unveils the features of eternal grace,
And waves the enſigns of his pow'r unfurl'd;
Aſſerts Heaven's juſtice long by man arraign'd,
Clear to our ſenſe depictur'd and explain'd,
And heavenly plans thro' labyrinths matur'd,
Map'd in the councils of our God ador'd;
While harps harmonious, num'rous as the ways
Of Providence, th' eternal ſubject praiſe:
" Pavilioned Godhead in unclouded light,
" Thou art fair wiſdom's depth, and thou her
height!
" What haſt not thou, commanding Word, at-
chiev'd?
" What cannot? to thee, Eſſence unconceiv'd
" By thought, unfathom'd excellence, we bow
" Humbled inferior, and adore with awe.
" Both prompt to execute and plan, all-wiſe
" Art Thou, worthy of worſhip, honour, praiſe;
" Accept them, Holieſt, uncorrupted Mind,
" By higheſt angel unconceiv'd, unſcan'd!

" Omni-

" Omniſcient, ſince our faint ideas are trac'd
" From th' earlieſt birth, ere by our hymns expreſt,
" Of Thee, fulneſs of what is pureſt, beſt!
" Unaſk'd Thou gav'ſt us being, Thou theſe joys
" Drank from the rivers of immortal bliſs,
" That ſtill undrain'd thro' times eternal run,
" Iſſuing from thee, laving, a ſea, thy throne.
" Eſſential Virtue! unobſcur'd by ſtain;
" 'Tis Thou eject'ſt the feet of vice profane
" Far from thy courts, where no corruption taints,
" No guilt pollutes: Almighty King of ſaints!
" Thro' mazes intricate thy ways tho' plann'd,
" Accompliſh'd and atchiev'd, perfect they end.
" Tho' glorious faculties thy ſaints inveſt,
" And wiſdom's treaſures thro' thy means they taſte,
" Fall'n in thy preſence, and eclips'd they fade;
" The angels brightneſs is but as a ſhade.
" Light within light encompaſſes thy ſhrine,
" And wiſdom is but folly weigh'd by thine.
" Lo! when we ſoar inſpir'd the higheſt pitch
" Created beings in reflection reach,
" Our loftieſt breathing's moſt exalted ſoar,
" Fall'n ſhort of thee, but prompts us to adore.

" Inadequate but faulter our ideas
" Thee in thy ſummit to approach or trace ;
" And all reſearch but terminates in praiſe.
" Advanc'd by merit to our God's right hand,
" In praiſe paternal Chriſt enthron'd we blend.
" His croſs averting from mankind that err'd
" The penalty of heavenly wrath incurr'd,
" A world's tranſgreſſion thro' his pangs eraz'd :
" Rebuk'd we ſtand, and in thy worth debas'd.
" Coeval with the great Eternal Mind,
" And co-exiſtence in the God inſhrin'd.
" (Come, band of ſeraphs, hallelujahs join)
" Pow'r is incompetence when weigh'd by thine.
" Cloth'd in perfections that reflected beam
" On Chriſt thy image, reign immortal theme !
" Be 't ours, by thee with angels' pow'rs endu'd,
" To hymn thee Firſt and Laſt, the living God."

A

A

SACRED HYMN.

I.

WHILE vice's trumpet ſounds a parle and truce,
And guilt and paſſion yield a tranſient pauſe,
I ſearch the ways of Providence abſtruſe,
And hail the equal balance of his laws.

II.

I view his plans obſcur'd thro' frailty's cloud
In part,—ſufficient to confirm my faith;
And tho' his councils human ſearch elude,
I'll bear the enſigns of his croſs till death.

III.

His laws, a code laid down by wiſdom's act,
In all proportions accurately juſt;

His

His councils for the gen'ral weal enact:
Who dares arraign his wiſdom in diſtruſt?
In furnace of affliction virtue's tried,
That trembles not with Providence her guide.

IV.

Grief is the touchſtone of the ſoul—calls forth
The band of virtues when her ills approach;
With hope relying on her Saviour's worth,
She braves for his applauſe a world's reproach.

ANOTHER.

O LORD! whom all things viſibly reflect,
In all thy works miraculous expreſt,
That with thy image like a garment deck'd,
Shine, only in th' Original ſurpaſs'd!
Tho' all creation's ſpace with thee be fill'd,
Thy fame to men is but in part reveal'd;
Tho' order beautiful the whole connects,
It faintly thro' a cloud thy pow'r reflects;
And tho' it roſe by wiſdom's faultleſs plan,
It does not half thy praiſe inſcrib'd contain.

Let

Let Atheiſts impiouſly a God diſpute;—
He lives, all nature's varied works atteſt,
Down from men, Heaven's own image, to the brute,
Whom pow'rs of inſtinct tutor and inveſt:
Theſe that thy eſſence unconfin'd diſcloſe,
Th' inferior link of being's chain compoſe;
Self-taught, what's pois'nous to their kind they fly,
And deviate not from nature's diary.
Obſcureſt nature thro' thy eſſence dives,
And all creation from thy breath derives
Its ſource: when thy electric thunder flies,
Damp vapours ceaſe, the noxious inſect dies.

Encompaſs'd by thy love my day begins,
And thy bright preſence gilds my midnight ſcenes:
That preſence that can blunt the ſhaft of ills
Delightful hope in each purſuit inſtills;
Sooths in religion, in our joys corrects,
Admoniſhes in doubt, in ſtraits protects;
Crowns a good conſcience with the mind's applauſe,
And never from the juſt of heart withdraws.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF AN INFANT;

Addreſſed to a near Relation.

WHO would not ſigh, and ruthleſs fate upbraid,
When ſorrow's ſhafts fall thick on virtue's creſt?
So ſighs my ſoul, unſkilful to diſſuade
That grief, of which a ſhare conſumes my breaſt.
Oh! could my ſtrains a tranſient calm beſtow,
Or heal with pious care a mother's woe;
Tho' the prompt tear ſhould flow at every line,
And my griefs double, as I lighten thine.

Scarce ſince our boſoms felt the dreadful ſtroke,
My plaintive Muſe her mournful ſilence broke;
Save when to dreary images ſhe turn'd,
And ey'd the walk where hapleſs mis'ry mourn'd:

Where

Where ſome fond nurſe, with ſorrow like our laſt,
Mourns o'er the tomb, where all her hope lies
plac'd.

Where lay the ſylphs, where lay each guardian
ſprite,
When death relentleſs claim'd his infant right?
Sure for ſome purpoſe, hid by Heav'n in night,
Our heart's fair ſunſhine was to ſorrow turn'd,
And a whole houſe thy hapleſs exit mourn'd.

Fain would a brother's pen diſtinctly trace
A ſiſter's virtues in their earlieſt day,
Where Heav'n had carv'd the image of a ſaint,
And ſtamp'd th' impreſſion on her infant clay.

How ſpotleſs thoughts proclaim'd her promis'd
worth,
How thro' each look her ſoul its ſpeech convey'd,
How beauty, like a flowret, budded forth,
Ah! too untimely cropt, too ſoon decay'd!

Hence ſuch a trophy'd monument I'd rear,
Pen ſuch a moving ſonnet to her ſhade,
Place each perfection in a light ſo clear,

Each eyelid ſhould deplore my ſainted maid.
Yet could not angel ſweetneſs, like her own,
Blunt death's ſharp ſickle, or diſarm his frown!

Such was our wound, where patience muſt rebel,
And ſcarce religion can embalm the ſore;
Where human precept can't o'er grief prevail;
But licens'd ſorrow bleeds at every pore.

Here may the Muſe unveil the plans of fate,
And burſt the clouds that hide a future ſtate;
Now bid us ſoar in contemplation's car
T'where guiltleſs ſylphs the awful Preſence ſhare!
Where thou, loſt idol, fill'ſt ſome happier ſpot,
Meed of departed worth, without a blot.

But you, t'whoſe frame, by Heaven's high choice, befel
A breaſt too ſenſitive, an heart, by fate
Deſign'd acutely every woe to feel,
Whence grief weighs heavier more prolong'd in date,
Sufficient is the debt of ſorrow paid;
Not my raſh pen, but reaſon's texts, diſſuade.

E'en

E'en could our tears, affection's tribute, raiſe
The duſt, or ſnatch an infant from the ſkies,
Grief were a crime, 'twere folly to deplore:
But death's devoted prey no ſighs reſtore.

Near Jove's right hand two copious phials ſtand,
Their potions diff'rent as by mortals ſcann'd:
Here deadly potions ſwell with human woes;
Here joy's intoxicating draught o'erflows;
Here phantom joys embrace ſome mortal wight,
His day in pleaſure flows, and riot ſtains his night.
But mark the man, whoſe ſtar is dimm'd with woes;
(As in the dark 'tis moſt the di'mond glows,
So in misfortune's bleak and joyleſs ſhade
Our virtue's gliſten, and are beſt diſplay'd)
His hours in prayer or well-borne ſorrow paſs,
And a clear conſcience crowns his days with peace.

END.

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